THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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SIEGE OF CHATTANOOGA.

WHEELER'S RAID IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE.—PURSUIT BY UNION CAVALRY.

Fierce Fight at Farmington—A Swift March of 425 Miles—Charge of Long's Brigade—Wilder's Mounted Infantry in Line of Battle. A Spirited Encounter—Defeat of Wheeler and His Retreat.

The occupation of Chattanooga after the battle of Chickamauga was attended with many difficulties. The question of subsistence, always difficult of solution at a distance from the base of supplies, was rendered more than usually so by the occupation of the roads leading to Bridgeport by confederate troops. The long route via Anderson's Cross-roads, sixty miles in extent, was beset by confederate cavalry and guerrillas, and every wagon train required a strong guard to insure its safe arrival. Many wagons were burned, mules shot or driven away, and the unhappy quartermaster marched off to a confederate prison. The Twenty-first Kentucky infantry, under command of its heroic leader, Colonel S. W. Price, was on one occasion guarding a provision train when, on turning an angle in the mountain road, he found himself in the presence of a superior force of the enemy formed to dispute his passage. Hastily sending his musicians, accompanied by an officer of stentorian lungs, to the left up a ravine to appear upon the enemy's flank, he waited for the signal that they were ready to charge, when he boldly attacked in front with his regiment. The mountain side was covered with a thick underbrush, and beyond it were distinctly heard the sound of a drum and the voice of a commanding officer. There was a rattling of earth among the bushes, boulders came tumbling down the mountain side, nearer and nearer came the tones of command. There was danger in delay, and the confederate troopers mounted their horses and sought safety in flight. It was clear that to closely invest Chattanooga the avenues of supply must be more effectually closed, and to this end General Bragg turned his cavalry loose upon the north side of the Tennessee River with orders to capture and destroy provision trains, to cut the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and by every means render Chattanooga untenable. The result was the capture and destruction of a large wagon train in the Sequatchie Valley and the capture of McMinnville, where they were overtaken and driven out of the State by the Union cavalry. All the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland was at once dispatched in pursuit of the raiders. The First division, under command of Brigadier-General R. B. Mitchell, arrived at Bridgeport on September 27, when the First brigade, under Colonel Campbell, proceeded to Stevenson. Colonel E. M. McCook with the First brigade remained at Bridgeport. Brigadier-General Crook, in command of the Second division, moved with Colonel Minty's First brigade on the 28th to Washington, in Rhea county. General Wheeler, in command of four divisions of two brigades each, under command of Generals Wharton, Martin, Armstrong and Kelly, about 7,000 strong, crossed the Tennessee at Cottonport, above Chattanooga, on the 30th of September. He protected his crossing with artillery, shelling the pickets of Colonel Long's brigade which disputed his passage from the opposite bank. This brigade fell back after a stubborn fight as Wheeler advanced, and the Fourth Ohio was cut off from the command. Colonel Long retired with the remainder of his command to near Smith's Cross-roads and bivouacked with the division. The Third brigade, under Colonel Lowe, was left in Middle Tennessee on the advance of the main army. It was occupied in scouting in the northern part of the State during the month, and the 30th found it in camp near Winchester.

On the 1st of October General Stanley moved with the cavalry, 10,000 strong, from Bridgeport, with orders to pursue and inflict all possible damage upon the forces under command of Gen. Wheeler. Stanley's command consisted of the three brigades of the First division, under Gen. Mitchell, two brigades of the Second division, Gen. Crook's, and Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, under command of Colonel A. O. Miller. At Anderson's Cross-roads they came upon one of Wheeler's brigades burning a wagon train. Two regiments, the First Wisconsin and Second Indiana, charged with the sabre, capturing Maj. Reid, Wheeler's acting adjutant-general, and sixty-six other officers and men, killin and badly wounding three officers and twenty men. Six hundred mules and several partly burned wagons were saved, and the confederates were pursued until night, during which time the Union prisoners captured with the train were retaken.

Gen. Crook overtook Wheeler's cavalry at Hill's Creek, and after a sharp fight drove him from the field, leaving his dead and wounded. Here Gen. Stanley, being unable to proceed further, turned the command over to General Mitchell, who, placing Col. McCook in command of the First division, pushed on after Wheeler, who was overtaken at McMinnville, which place he had entered the day before, capturing a small garrison and a quantity of Government stores. On the approach of the Union cavalry Wheeler retired, taking the road to Murfreesboro. Colonel Long, with the Second Kentucky cavalry, commanded by Col. Nicholas, charged on the rear-guard, composed of the Eighth Texas, driving it seven miles and capturing a number of prisoners. Col. Long's horse was killed and Lieut. Hosmer and Sergeant Harris badly wounded. Fears were now entertained for the safety of Murfreesboro, and the pursuit quickened. The fate of the army at Chattanooga depended upon the speed of the horses in Mitchell's command, for the men were already living on less than half rations, and the delay of a few days, which might easily result from the destruction of the bridge over Stone River and the stores at Murfreesboro, might cause disaster to the whole army. Wheeler made a brief stand near Readyville, then pushed on to Murfreesboro. Next day a march of thirty-four miles was made. On arriving at Murfreesboro they found Wheeler had passed to the left towards Shelbyville. Flankers had driven in the pickets and burned a small bridge, but had not attempted to enter the town. The garrison, warned of their approach, had removed all the stores to the fort and had prepared to defend it. When Long had driven the rear-guard in, seven miles from McMinnville, Wheeler had halted and formed line of battle, but on the arrival of Miller's brigade he moved on rapidly, followed by the Union cavalry. The night of the 6th found the command at Guy's Gap, within a few miles of Shelbyville, where it encamped. On the following morning Miller took the advance and soon learned that one of Wheeler's divisions was still in camp on the farm of the Widow Sims, some distance to the right of the main road. Under orders from Gen. Crook Colonel Miller went after it. The confederate pickets were driven in at a run, upon the main body, which at once opened fire with rifles and artillery, killing and wounding several men and horses. He now dismounted his men and charged across open fields, routing the enemy, who fled to their horses and retreated in great confusion, followed by the Seventeenth Indiana, who poured in a murderous fire upon the fugitives while they were passing through a narrow lane. Miller says in his report: "The Seventy-second Indiana participated in the work of death and slaughter. The enemy left the field thoroughly demoralized, and everywhere the ground was strewn with stolen goods, abundance of arms and Government clothing." A short distance further on Wheeler made a stand and formed his troops in line of battle, while Col. Moore was engaged as above stated. Long's brigade had started in a gallop and dashed down the road six miles with drawn sabres. A sharpshooter, on the lookout for a shining mark, fired at Col. Long and killed his horse. The brigade pressed on rapidly, leaving its commander standing in the road. Heavy firing was now heard in the front, mingled with the shouts of his men as they advanced to the charge. The road was strewn with dead and wounded men in gray uniforms. The sabre was doing its work. Presently the colonel mounted a riderless horse galloping back from the front and spurred into the fight. The charge continued six miles, the road strewed with the dead and wounded. Squads of prisoners passed to the rear, some of them dressed only in their shirts. They had been caught in Federal uniforms and compelled to strip them off. Suddenly the halt and rally sounded. The long charge through the cedar-lined glade had lengthened the command into a long, thin line, resembling a steeple chase. Wharton heard the sound, halted his flying column, reversed it, and advanced in a counter charge. Colonel Long formed his line in time to receive the charge, and in the nick of time Stokes came up with his battery, and hastily unlimbering, sent solid shot and shell crashing through the confederate ranks. Col. Miller now came up and pushed the enemy back towards Farmington. Here Wheeler determined to make a stand. His position was well chosen, being covered in front and on both flanks by a dense growth of cedars, sufficient to prevent the dreaded sabre charge of Long's brigade. The ground all along his front was broken up into deep gullies, behind which he erected a temporary breastwork of logs and rails. Never was the advantage of mounted infantry better demonstrated than in the fight which ensued. Col. Miller dismounted his men and moved the One Hundred and Twenty-third and Ninety-eighth Illinois forward. They were permitted to advance some distance on the right and left of the road when Wheeler opened with artillery and small arms. He had formed line of battle extending a considerable distance on both sides of the road, crossing it a short distance in front of the village, and the charge of the two Illinois regiments striking his line in the centre offered to his flanking regiments an oblique fire, enfilading their entire front. This was no sooner discovered by Colonel Miller than he advanced the Seventeenth and Seventy-second Indiana on each flank of the Illinois regiment. Col. Munroe, the gallant commander of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, fell mortally wounded, and Lieut.-Col. Biggs assumed command of the regiment. Lieut.-Col. Kitchell led the Ninety-eighth Indiana, Maj. Pins the Seventeenth Indiana, and Lieut.-Col. Kirkpatrick the Seventy-second Indiana. The line was raked from right to left with grape and canister, and in the midst of the carnage Wheeler ordered a charge. His men sprang forward, but were met at all points by a sheet of fire. They wavered and fell back. Capt. Stokes's battery was all this time palpitating like a steam fire-engine with the rapidity of its fire. The cedars were filled with wounded and dying men, over whose prostrate forms, both friend and foe, Milller's line dashed forward in an impetuous counter charge. Wheeler's first line was driven back upon the second, which, for a moment sustained the shock courageously. But nothing could withstand the terrible onslaught of Miller's brigade. The men went over the works, driving the confederates before them, who hastily retreated to their horses, a cavalryman's first thought in time of danger. Miller's lines now opened on each side of the road, down which rushed Long's cavalry with drawn sabres, each man yelling like a demon, or a rebel, and the panic was complete.

Ninety-six of Miller's brigade were killed or borne wounded to the rear. Wheeler left eighty-six of his men dead on the field. The houses in Farmington were full of his wounded and in the streets stood two guns and a caisson abandoned in the flight. His command was scattered through the woods, where 384 were picked up, and the remainder, badly demoralized, fled before Long's sabres toward Pulaski.

The gallant Colonel Munroe, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, a Kentuckian by birth, was deeply lamented. The prisoners represented twenty-seven regiments from Wharton's and Martin's divisions. Among the killed were six captains in Colonel Clay's First Kentucky mounted rifles (confederate), one of whom was Captain William Rowan, of Bardstown, Ky. The absence of Minty's brigade from the battlefield alone prevented the capture of the greater portion of these two divisions. There was no recourse left to General Wheeler but immediate and rapid retreat. The object of his expedition had been frustrated by the vigor and bravery of the Union troops, and with what grace he could he must carry the news to Bragg of the utter rout of his command. He did not neglect, however, to use every means in his power to thwart a rapid pursuit.

In falling back from Farmington Wheeler took the precaution to barricade the narrow roads leading through ravines by felling trees across them, and thus gained time to effect his escape. On the following day, October 8, the pursuit continued. Minty came up with the First brigade, and the march to Pulaski, thirty-five miles, was completed with a halt of only half an hour at Lewisburg. Here the command was joined by the Third brigade, commanded by Col. Lowe, which joined in the pursuit. From the summit of a hill overlooking Pulaski the rear of Wheeler's column was seen passing out of the town on the Lamb's Ferry road. Rest for man and beast was imperatively required and General Crook went into camp on Richland Creek. The next day Colonel Lowe took the advance and came upon Wheeler's rear-guard, a brigade strongly posted behind a barricade, at Sugar Creek, about twenty miles beyond Pulaski. Col. Lowe immediately led a charge which drove the confederates from their barricades and sent them flying to the woods with a loss of over 100 prisoners. General Crook continued the chase to Rogersville, where his advance informed him that Wheeler had effected a crossing of the Tennessee at Lamb's Ferry and were safely on their road back to Bragg's army. During the pursuit from first to last Crook's division of cavalry lost fourteen killed and ninety-three wounded, and Miller's brigade about the same number. The loss in Wheeler's corps was estimated in killed, wounded, prisoners, and deserters at 1,500. From McMinnville to the Tennessee River through Shelbyville, Farmington, Pulaski to Rogersville Wheeler's cavalry had been given no rest. They had spent most of the time in the saddle, and had been so closely pressed that no time had been spent in inflicting injury upon the railroad, and the loss they had sustained was compensated for by no corresponding loss inflicted upon their pursuers. While at Huntsville Col. McCook received information that Roddy's cavalry, which during these movements had remained near Tuscumbia, was on its way to reinforce General Wheeler. Col. McCook moved on the 12th in the direction of New Market and struck Roddy's advance, who having heard of Wheeler's defeat was returning to his old position. Pressing on in the midst of a driving storm Roddy's main column was struck at the junction of the Deposite and New Market roads in Alabama. The intense darkness rendered an attack impracticable, but early on the following morning pursuit commenced, Roddy retreating in the direction of Athens. When within ten miles of that place an order reached McCook from General Mitchell recalling his command to Winchester, Tenn. On the 27th General Mitchell was relieved in command of the cavalry by Brigadier-General W. L. Elliott. During the pursuit of Wheeler the cavalry corps marched 425 miles, following him night and day with scanty rations for men and animals. This vigorous pursuit effectually checked the incursions of the confederate cavalry and demonstrated the superior strength, discipline, and drill of the Union cavalry. The skill with which the sabre was handled and its terrifying effect upon Wheeler's cavalry gave confidence to the sabre brigades and rendered them invincible in battle.

Wilder's mounted infantry, under the skillful management of its brave commander, Colonel Moore, added another leaf to the laurels already fairly won at Hoover's Gap and Chicamauga, and demonstrated the value of mounted infantry in army movements.

From this period in the history of the Army of the Cumberland may be dated the superiority of the Union cavalry. The prestige once gained was retained to the end of the war. A long career lay before it. Many a weary march, and distant raid; hovering upon the flanks of the army through the one hundred days' campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta; with Sherman through Georgia to the sea, or flashing their sabres upon Hood's beaten army after the battle at Nashville; pushing their tireless columns southward to the Gulf, they bore their guidons bravely to the end. Hundreds of the bravest are buried where they fell—in the sands of Georgia and the Carolinas, along the banks of the Tennessee, in the swamps of Alabama and Florida—wrapped in their blankets. The trees that wave above their graves bear strange foliage, redolent with perfume of magnolias and cape jessamine, and vocal with songs of mocking-birds, but the broad bosom of mother earth welcomes these sons of Northern birth as fondly as if they were to the manor born.

THE STORY OF A SCOUT.

THRILLING ADVENTURES OF LEVI H. NARON.

Expedition to the Rear of the Confederate Lines. Twice Captured and Released—Visits Columbus—Brought Before the Provost-Marshal—"Here, Take My Pass, If You Can't Trust Me."

Levi H. Naron, a native of Newton county, Georgia, was at the outbreak of the rebellion a cotton planter, thirty-six years old, living in Chickasaw county, Mississippi.

He lived in a neighborhood in which a large majority of the people were bitterly opposed to secession, and, with the boldness which characterized his career in the army, denounced the men who plunged the State into rebellion against the Union. After the defeat of Floyd and the capture of Fort Donelson, resulting in the evacuation of Middle Tennessee by the confederate forces under command of Albert Sidney Johnston, hope sprang up in the breasts of the Union people of the South that the rebellion would soon be crushed. Naron was one of the most ardent of the Union men, and left his home to visit the camp of General C. F. Smith, at Savannah, on the east bank of the Tennessee River. Traveling on horseback he passed through Corinth, where the confederate forces, under Bragg, were concentrating, and came to Pittsburg Landing just as Gen. Sherman's division was debarking to take position about Shiloh church. The sight of his country's flag thrilled the soul of the patriotic planter, and he vowed to serve under no other banner. The conscript laws passed by the confederate congress were being rigidly enforced. To return to his home was certain conscription, and he at once offered his services in any capacity to the Federal commander. His knowledge of the country rendered him especially valuable as a guide, and in that capacity he served for several months, while his courage and presence of mind rendered him fit to be trusted upon expeditions of great danger within the confederate lines where he was required to trust entirely to his own resources. On the day following the withdrawal of the confederate army, 50,000 strong, from Corinth in the face of 100,000 men under command of General Halleck, the Army of the Mississippi, under Gen. Pope, which formed the left wing of the Federal army, was ordered in pursuit. The pursuit, so called, was conducted in so leasurely a manner as to result in nothing advantageous to the Union army, except the transfer of the officer who conducted it to the Army of the Potomac, where his exploits at Manassas Junction have been preserved in two octavo volumes in the celebrated case of Fitz John Porter. The confederate army fell back to Baldwin where, water being scarce and impure, it retired to Tupelo.

While it was stationed at the latter place, Naron was sent on an expedition to observe the country in the

REAR OF THE CONFEDERATE LINES.

General Pope supplied him with a good horse of speed and bottom and $500 in confederate money, and ordered him to go as far as Columbus, Miss., 160 miles southward, ascertain the location and strength of the various corps on the route, and bring back a plan of the fortifications at that place. Thirteen miles southwest of Blackland, at eleven o'clock at night, his ears were saluted with the familiar click of a musket and at the same instant the order to halt came from the roadside. Two men sprang out of the bushes and inquired if he was armed. "No," said the scout. "Are you a citizen?" "Yes; but not of this neighborhood. I hope I am among friends." "Who are your friends?" "I am a Southern man and I hope you are the same." "We are, but where have you been up that way?" "I've been looking after my brother, left sick on the road when you fell back from Corinth, but I found too many Yankees and had to slip away to keep from being caught." Naron asked to stay with them all night, but was advised, as he was unarmed, to go to the rear, which suggestion, as may be surmised, he lost no time in adopting. He made inquiries concerning the location of the different portions of Beauregard's army, and having gained the required information pursued his way two miles farther, where he stayed all night, and in the morning started again along by-roads and at noon he was again captured near Ellistown. He was taken to the headquarters of Gen. Chalmers, on Old Town Creek, who, after hearing his story, put him through his lines to pursue his way homeward. Before night he was again captured and taken to the headquarters of Gen. Breckenridge near Pontotoc. Here he boldly asked for a pass that would preserve him from further molestation. General B. replied that passes to go outside the lines were only issued by Gen. Bragg. He offered to send Naron to Bragg, but Naron had no desire to be seen by any more confederate soldiers, one company conscripted in his own neighborhood, as he had learned, being on duty at Bragg's headquarters.

He was, by his own request, put through the lines, in company with an orderly, when he pushed on a few miles and spent the night in company with half a dozen confederate officers at a house by the roadside, where the party were engaged until midnight discussing the probabilities of a forward movement by the Yankees. Before daylight he was again in the saddle speeding away toward his destination. He tried his horse's speed, in order to judge of his probabilities of escape in case of pursuit. He was now in a country where he was well known, and he was compelled to avoid the highways between Pontotoc and the Yallabusha River, where he arrived at dark. He had lost his reckoning by traveling through woods and swamps, and after dark rode up to a house to inquire the way. The voice that answered was that of his cousin, who, recognizing his voice, asked him to alight, feed his horse, and take supper. He obeyed the welcome summons—neither himself nor his horse having tasted food during the day. He found that a change had taken place in the political sentiment of the people. State pride had induced many to enlist in the State service, and his cousin had been sworn in only the day before. Knowing Naron to be an outspoken Union man, and that he had been absent from his home for months, he was suspected of being in the service of the United States.

After supper a conference took place between the cousins, in which it was agreed that Naron should have time to visit his family, twelve miles south of the river, and that his presence in the neighborhood should not be made known for two days. On this assurance Naron remounted and rode rapidly homeward, where he arrived at midnight.

Secreting his horse in a swamp, he walked to his house and aroused his family, which consisted of his wife and six children. The youngest, six weeks old, he had never seen. His eldest, twelve years of age, was dispatched to call in several of his friends, all of whom came, and in the conference which followed he ascertained that they had succumbed to the pressure and put on the confederate uniform. He had been absent little over two months, and returned to find himself an alien. Such was the respect in which he was held by his neighbors, however, he was not molested, and on the following day one of them notified him that the cousin with whom he had stopped while en route to his home had informed against him, and that he would be taken that night. Taking hasty leave of his family, and with no thought that he would ever meet them again, he mounted his horse for

A RACE FOR LIFE.

His noble steed, rested and refreshed, dashed away on the road to Columbus, sixty miles distant. On through the gathering darkness and midnight gloom the bold rider pursued his way over hill and dale, through forest and stream, until the break of day found him within six miles of Columbus. He had ridden fifty-four miles in ten hours. He descried through the mist in front a horseman approaching, who turned in at a gate leading to a house by the roadside. In passing the house soon after Naron heard an altercation between the horseman and the occupant, which turned out to be on account of the refusal of the latter to furnish any more negroes to work on the fortifications at Columbus. Naron's instincts prompted him to side with the citizen, but prudence dictated a course which could be turned to his own advantage. "I'll break every bone in your body if you don't send them," said the scout; "soldiers can't fight and shovel dirt too." The irresistable logic of Naron's appeal had the desired effect, and six lusty men were ordered out and driven ahead of the two horsemen to Columbus, where Naron kindly consented to accompany the officer to the works, where hundreds of men were engaged erecting defenses. The day was spent in riding over the place, visiting the various works. The officer was polite; Naron had money in abundance; whisky and cigars were convenient, and the night was spent at the Cady Hotel with a group of officers, who, in return for the scout's hospitality, gave the seeming planter, who was on his first visit to a military camp, all the information in their possession. His mission accomplished, Naron's next thought was how to get out of the town unobserved. This he soon found to be impracticable. Captain Gregory, the provost marshal, had positive orders not to permit any person to enter or leave the city without the most indubitable proofs of his loyalty to the confederacy.

Here his exploits at the farm-house stood him in good stead. The officer volunteered to introduce him, and related his zealous interference on that occasion. Naron had while at his home secured various papers proving him to be what he claimed, a Mississippi planter. He exhibited tax receipts, statements of sales of cotton, and other documentary evidence of his identity with Southern interests. The pass was issued

PERMITTING HIM TO GO HOME.

On his way to the stable where his horse was kept a soldier overtook him and took him back to the provost marshal's office. Death was close to him now. Entering the room Naron held out the pass, saying, "take your pass if you can't trust me." In relating this episode the scout said, "I looked at the paper to see if it trembled, but it was as still as if it had been made of iron. Captain Gregory looked me in the eyes for a full minute, then he said 'Go,' and I went."

While in the office the first time he overheard a conversation between the colonel of the Second Tennessee infantry, in which the colonel declared his intention to visit his wife, who was on a visit to her mother near Tuscumbia, and who had enlisted eighteen recruits for his regiment. Naron eyed him closely to fix his features in his memory. He had no sooner ridden out of sight of the pickets than he turned sharply to the right and spurred rapidly towards the Fayetteville pike, which he reached at dark and stayed all night with a planter. He had ridden but a short distance in the morning when the colonel passed him riding in a buggy. They traveled together during the day, Naron dropping behind and passing for his orderly when troops were met. The scout pushed on towards Tuscumbia during the night and rode into Gen. T. J. Wood's lines at daybreak. Taken to headquarters, he told the general who he was and volunteered to guide a squadron of cavalry to the house whither the confederate colonel was journeying and capture him. This was effected, Naron remaining out of the colonel's sight. The prisoner protested that he was a citizen and a Union man with such vehemence that Gen. Wood was about to release him, when Naron, much against his intention at the outset, volunteered to confront him. This he did and the colonel sullenly admitted that he was a confederate officer and claimed the right to be treated as a prisoner of war. This was granted, but it was a sorry day for Naron. After the colonel's exchange he hunted up Naron's history, had his property confiscated, and turned his wife with her helpless family into the highway. They made the best of their way on foot, begging their way, to the vicinity of Memphis, where Naron afterwards found them nearly dead through hunger and exposure. The scout proceeded on his way to Corinth, where he arrived in time for a brief conference with Gen. Pope, who was on the cars starting for the East. Gen. Pope sent him to General Rosecrans, his successor in command, to whom he made his report. The general had him regularly mustered into the service by Capt. Wiles, who assigned him to duty in the provost guard.

Thus began the career of this remarkable scout. He remained attached to the headquarters of Gen. Rosecrans during his campaigns in Mississippi; acted as guide to Gen. Grerson upon his celebrated raid; endured hunger, cold, and constant danger, suffering from wounds and anxiety concerning his family. A quiet, modest man, never boasting of his achievements, not one of his companions in camp knew that his frequent absences from headquarters had anything to do with the military service. They were the rather inclined to envy him his unusual luck in procuring furloughs. Many of his experiences inside the enemy's lines and hair-breadth escapes are of so thrilling a character as to challenge the credulity of the most daring scout. Always reliable and truthful, the general learned to trust implicity to his statements of the position and strength of the confederate forces in his front. His faithful wife died from the effects of the exposure above mentioned and his family became scattered.

After the war he married and settled in Kansas, where he now lives. A new family has sprung up about him, and but for a fearful wound which disables him from physical labor he would spend life's afternoon in peace. In a future number some of Naron's adventures will be related.

A DUEL BETWEEN EDITORS.

Five Shots Exchanged—One of the Belligerents Severely Wounded.

An Associated Press dispatch from New Orleans, dated the 6th inst, says:

A duel was fought this morning in St. Bernard parish between Major Burke, of the *Times-Democrat*, and C. H. Parker, editor of the *Picayune*. Pistols were used, and five shots exchanged. At the fifth shot Burke was shot through both thighs, though no bone was broken, and the wound is not considered dangerous. An editorial in the *Picayune* of June 2, on "The General Fund," led to the duel, Burke being the challenger. The *Picayune* had made some inquiries with reference to the condition of the fund, to which Mr. Burke replied by a telegram, which the *Picayune* criticised severely and characterized as disingenuous, intimating that Mr. Burke's statements with regard to the balance of the fund in bank were misleading.

Major Burke on Friday sent a peremptory challenge to Mr. Parker to fight him a duel. Parker accepted, and his representatives, George L. Hall and James A. Renshaw, named Mississippi rifles as weapons. Burke had the choice of distance, and Joseph D. Houston and Major John Austin, his seconds, fixed it at 2½ paces. Though no reasons were given by Burke's friends for naming so short a distance, it is generally understood they did so because of the reputed expertness of Parker with the weapon selected. The distance named not being satisfactory, after a conference, regular duelling pistols were finally agreed upon as the weapons to be used, and the distance twenty paces, the ground selected being in St. Bernard parish, near the Slaughter-house. Major Burke and friends arrived first, and were soon joined by Mr. Parker and his friends. Burke's seconds won the toss for position, and Hall was selected to give the word. Everything being in readiness, the principals took the positions assigned them, and at the word the weapons were discharged almost simultaneously, neither of the gentlemen being hurt. An effort was made by the seconds to adjust the difficulty, but Burke's friends held that their principal had been wronged, and asked if the wrong would be righted. Parker's friends stated that he had a right to criticise any public official, and still reserved that right. As no compromise could be effected, the principals took their positions for a second shot, which, like the first, was without result. Unsuccessful efforts similar to those made after the first fire followed the second round. After the third round a long parley ensued. Burke's friends demanded that Parker should acknowledge the bravery and personal and official integrity of Burke, which his friends claimed Parker had impugned in a series of articles in the *Picayune*. As Parker's friends declined to make a satisfactory disclaimer, no further effort at compromise was made, and the fourth and fifth rounds followed. At the fifth fire, Major Burke was shot through both legs, about eight inches above the knee, and would have fallen, but was caught by his seconds. When Parker's seconds discovered that Burke had been wounded, they asked permission for their party to retire from the ground. This request was granted by the seconds of the other side, the parties then separated.